

## Philip, The Second

Dark Moor

The empire beyond the seas  
When sun does not decease  
Glory to my king  
Greatest is our land  
Honour and glory to my good king  
King of both the land and sea  
We wish may god save my king  
For ever I will the prince  
From Uruguay to Philipppines  
But my sigh of remorse  
Just prays god for peace and force  
Tears in my eyes never convince  
But more defy with weight of sins  
To reply to my pain  
With more punish once again  
But the pride  
To decide  
My people's fate  
Makes me fight  
For their right  
At any rate  
Because Spain is my kingdom  
Like a golden dream of greatness  
Our olden land will sing  
Songs of the glory  
Songs of our king  
O, Philip the Second  
By our lord enthroned  
With all power  
I can't fall power  
It's the hour  
Death is around  
(The Prince is dead laying in his bed)  
Is this, Lord, my reward  
(Mourning and pain the king's insane)  
My places will be Escorial  
Built, in place esoterical  
The earth and heaven will be one  
Forgetting the loss of my son  
(Magia, sueÑnos, son sus dueÑnos, sombras, gritos en sus ritos)  
In my nightmares, I see a black dog  
Keeper of the hell's door  
Coming our from fog  
Whispers of the dream of Solomon  
(Royas ilamas, negras damas, duelo eterno, cielo, infierno)  
The horoscopes foretell  
Hanna be my Queen  
And from our love spell  
An heir's been foreseen  
Never dies  
The spirit of sacrifice  
Of my king who gives  
His life so that his dream lives  
For his land  
He makes what can't understand  
No one useless him  
God and him